

Bartlett (E.)

12.

AN

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

OF

THE BIRTH OF SPURZHEIM,

AND

THE ORGANIZATION OF

THE

BOSTON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY,

JANUARY 1, 1838.

BY ELISHA BARTLETT, M. D.

PUBLISHED BY THE REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.

Surgeon Gen'l's Office
LIBRARY
455/150
BOSTON:

MARSH, CAPEN AND LYON.

1838.

1.3) 12/12/12

PRINTED BY WM. A. HALL & Co.

A D D R E S S .

ALL true science is of slow growth. All true knowledge has ever been, and, from its very nature, must ever continue to be an attainment, more or less gradual and progressive, and more or less difficult of acquisition. Often does even the most elementary knowledge, or the simplest and plainest truth, seem to us to have been late and tardily acquired or discovered, and the world wonders how it could happen, that what is now such manifest and beautiful and far-darting light, should have remained so long obscure, or altogether hidden. This is true of all subjects of investigation, though it is more strictly and remarkably so of some than of others. History can be written only after it has been acted. Nations must have lived and died, they must have played their parts on this stage of the world, before their lives and deaths and doings can become the subjects of recital and commentary. Great biographies must be lived and acted before they can be recorded. And, furthermore, it may be, that ages shall elapse after the annalist has registered his facts, before their relations come to be fully understood, and the chain, which runs through them all and binds them together, is rendered visible and luminous by the light of philosophy.

Especially is this the case with all knowledge which is the result of experiment and observation. Through a slow, irregularly moving and progressive process, have all the natural sciences been obliged to pass. The very art itself of observa-

tion and induction was, until within a comparatively recent period of time, either unknown or disregarded, almost wholly ; and, even now, it is but imperfectly, and in part only, understood and practised. First, after long groping in the dark, or in a shadowy and uncertain twilight, are materials collected and partially examined. One man finds out the art of polishing a lens ;—another watches the motions of a star ;—a third counts the stamens of a flower : this smelts an ore in his rude furnace ;—that measures the ebb and flow of the ever-moving tides. And so on, day after day, through ages, perhaps, atom by atom, is the pile heaped up, heterogeneous and unsifted, grain and chaff, gems and rubbish together.

The science of mathematics, even,—that purest abstraction of the intellect,—independent, as it is, of the senses, and of all observation,—far removed, as it is, from the sources of fallacy and error, so inseparably connected with observation, has been, from its first origin up to the present day, slow and irregular in its advancement in comprehensiveness, simplicity and power.

It has generally happened, that the progress of each of the sciences depending on observation and induction, has been signalized by some one or more remarkable epochs. These epochs are constituted, not by the addition to those already ascertained, of novel or important facts, but by the establishment of the general principles of the science ;—by the discovery of the true *laws* which govern its phenomena, or in accordance with which, its objects are arranged. It has, also, generally happened, that, for the establishment of these principles and laws, we have been indebted to the extraordinary genius and sagacity of some one, or of some very few individuals. An epoch of this kind was the discovery of the Fluxionary calculus in the history of mathematical science. The labors of Linneus in Botany, of Haller in Physiology, of Lavoisier and Dalton in Chemistry, of Cuvier in Zoology, constituted like remarkable eras in each of these several sciences. Each of these eras creates, not a revolution merely, but it constitutes a *new birth*, a *regeneration* of the science in which it occurs. The uncer-

tain and indefinite becomes definite and certain. That which was before meaningless, becomes now significant. The apparently trivial and useless, in consequence of taking its appropriate position, is made important and valuable. That which was before without form, and void, assumes shape and arrangement, and is filled with a new creation. The spirit has brooded over the chaos, transforming it into order, and covering it with beauty. The breath of life is now breathed into the body, before cold and inanimate. The limbs now move, the heart beats, the eye sees, the tongue utters. The science, whatever it may be, is no longer barren; it becomes prolific of new and great results; it starts on a fresh career; it spreads its wings for a bolder flight. Henceforward there is opened to it a broader and a clearer pathway.

It must be obvious enough, I think, to any one who has at all looked into the subject, that *the science of the human mind* constitutes no exception to the remarks already made in relation to the slow growth of most of the other sciences. Certain, at any rate, is it, that hitherto, till within a very short period, it has been surrounded by the same thick obscurity and vagueness which have enveloped the other sciences previous to the discovery of their true laws,—to the establishment of their fundamental principles. Almost the whole history of metaphysics is a record of absurdities, and inconsistencies, and contradictions. The very name has become, almost by common consent, only another term for intellectual harlequinism and jugglery. Never has the human mind been guilty of playing more fantastic tricks, than when attempting by misdirected and impotent efforts to unriddle the mystery of its own constitution. It is certainly unnecessary for me, whether speaking to phrenologists or to anti-phrenologists, to insist upon this particular point, or to spend any time in the supererogatory labor of endeavoring either to prove or to illustrate the almost universal unsatisfactoriness, emptiness, and unprofitableness of those subtle fancies,—those shadowy and spectral visions of the human understanding, which have been dignified with the

title of metaphysics,—which have arrogated to themselves the high distinctions of philosophy.

Whether the phrenological era holds a like place in the history of the science of mind, which the Baconian era holds in the history of the art of observation and induction, or the Newtonian in that of the sciences of mathematics and astronomy, is yet an unsettled and disputed matter. A large majority indeed of the scientific and learned world wholly deny the claims of phrenology to the character of a science. They treat it for the most part with contempt; or, at best, they regard it but as one among the many delusions of the age. There is a question then. Are they, its contemners and opposers, right; or are we so, its disciples and advocates? Is Phrenology true, or is it false? Is it a sky-rocket only, shooting up, with a transient and artificial glare, some few hundred feet in the atmosphere of the earth, or is it indeed a new star, kindled and set forever in the depths of the firmament?

It will be the object of this Address, to exhibit some of the reasons which we have for believing that Phrenology does constitute a great era, analogous to those of which I have spoken;—that it is, what it claims to be, the true science of the human mind;—that its laws are the laws of the human mind;—that it has interpreted, truly, that revelation of God written in the constitution of man's spiritual nature.

Phrenology, in so far as it claims to have demonstrated the existence of a multiplicity of cerebral organs, each concerned in the manifestation of a primary and elemental faculty or power of the mind, must rest for support, singly and exclusively, on observation. The truth of this fundamental proposition of the science, we believe, has been so established. It is not my purpose, at the present time, to go into this part of the subject, for the good reason, among others, that I have not qualified myself sufficiently, by practical study, to do so; and I pass from it with the single remark, that the science, so far as its organology, so called, is concerned, appeals to this only and ultimate test of its pretensions to truth, and that by this test

alone can it be fairly tried and judged. I may say, also, that the opposers of phrenology have, for the most part, overlooked or misapprehended this fact; and that they have, instead of endeavoring to controvert the alleged results of observation, in the only way in which such results can be controverted, by counter observation, resorted to reasoning or to speculation, based only upon certain gratuitous and assumed premises, or, as has been more commonly the case, to misrepresentation and ridicule.

Leaving this topic, then, I proceed to say, that the true science of the human mind ought to issue in human good;—it ought to be productive of beneficent results. Such has been the case with all the other sciences;—such ought, also, to be the case with this. Astronomy, mathematics, geology, chemistry, physiology, have all proved themselves not merely subjects of abstract intellectual interest and curiosity, but matters of great practical usefulness. They have acted upon man's daily life. They have aided in improving his spiritual nature, and they minister to his commonest wants. They enlarge and elevate his mind; they clothe and nourish and protect his body. They make the elements his servants to do his bidding. They make his time-keepers, for seconds, or for ages, the stars on the dial-plate of the sky. They carry him over the land,—they guide him across the sea,—his pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night. Unfolding to him the mysteries of the visible world, they bring him nearer to its author, God. If Phrenology, I repeat, is what it pretends to be, it must also, like its sister sciences, show itself directly instrumental in promoting the best interests of the human race. And if it does so show itself, we have a right to see herein another evidence of its truth. I shall, therefore, after these preliminary observations, endeavor to apply this test of the claims of Phrenology, derived from some few of its leading tendencies and results, both practical and philosophical—from the natural and inevitable issues of its principles and laws.

The first general result of the Phrenological doctrines of

which I shall speak, is the separation which they make of our *true humanity* from those accidental and factitious *circumstances* with which it is interwoven and overlaid. By revealing to us the essential *nature* of humanity, in its complex physical and spiritual constitution, it exposes, also, the manifold illusions, which this humanity has always and everywhere worn. In the clear light of Phrenology, man, for the first time, stands before us *as man*,—whatever, and however unlike and diverse may be the accidents of his environment. If there is any one moral truth, which can claim to be a central truth,—the truth of truths,—it is that of the entire, essential, absolute oneness and equality of human nature. All right rests upon this, its only immutable basis ; all order flows from this, its sole inexhaustible fountain. I do not claim for Phrenology the merit of having first asserted or promulgated this truth. Always, throughout all time, and in every country, have there been SEERS, who have read the sublime record written on their own hearts ;—always, too, have there been PROPHETS and TEACHERS, who have uttered it. It is a doctrine, also, of inspiration. It was proclaimed by Moses, and it runs through all the teachings of Christ. I do not claim for Phrenology, I say, the merit of having first asserted and promulgated this truth ; but I do claim for it the next highest merit of having given to that which was, before, only matter of argument or speculation, or of dogmatic statement, merely, the fixed and positive and everlasting attributes of science. What was *precept* became *law*, unchangeable and eternal, and universally binding in its obligations.

In spite of all the teachings of sages and philosophers and prophets, blind to the light of wisdom, and deaf to the oracles of Revelation, men, generally, have never believed this truth. They do not yet believe it. At least they do not feel it, and they never have felt it. The feeling,—and in this case the feeling is equivalent to the belief,—is almost universal, that the *circumstances*, by which each man and woman is accidentally surrounded, have wrought a change in that man's or woman's nature, and rendered it unlike that of an individual surrounded

by wholly different circumstances. I am sure that I do not state this too strongly. Phrenology not only asserts, what has always been nominally asserted, that this is not the case, but it shows the reasons why it is not. Phrenology not only teaches the great opposite truth, but it makes plainly visible the foundation on which the truth rests; it developes its principles,—it unfolds and establishes its laws and sanctions. We see, by its light, not only that every man is the equal brother of every other man, but we see, also, *why* he is so, and *how* he is so, and *wherein* he is so.

Let us develope this thought a little, in reference to its bearing on the distribution of *human happiness*, and so far as it relates to man's spiritual being. Phrenology shows, that this spiritual nature of man consists, like his body, of one harmonious whole, composed of many parts or faculties, all tending to one end,—all conspiring to form a perfect ONE. It teaches, that the various powers of the mind have each its independent law, as well as such as grow out of their mutual relations. It teaches, that in the healthy energy and rational activity of each individual faculty consists the pleasure which this faculty is capable of imparting,—the good of which it was intended to be productive. It teaches, that the pleasure and the good depends, exclusively, upon this energy and activity in each particular instance. It also teaches, that a certain appropriate form of suffering is the pre-ordained and inevitable consequence of a want of this activity, or of an excess of it, in each faculty. All of happiness and all of misery, all of good and all of evil, which we here enjoy or suffer, excepting such as comes from mere animal indulgence, or mere bodily pain, is exclusively dependent on the condition of these powers. The proper cultivation and use of all these powers, the lower acting ever in subordination to the higher, the selfish and the animal subject always to the disinterested, the intellectual and the moral, is happiness and good. Every departure from this rule is suffering and evil.

We thus see *where it is* that the primal *Law of Equality*

rests. The same powers which constituted the mighty intellect of Isaac Newton, constitute, also, the intellects of all other men. That same light which made his mind luminous with a sun-like brightness, has enlightened, also, every man that cometh into the world. I am not speaking, of course, of the amount of acquired knowledge, or of the relative capacities for acquisition. Herein, as in many other respects, do the minds of men so differ, that no two probably ever existed, or ever will exist, precisely alike. This kind of original likeness is not that which I speak of. Indeed, Phrenology first fully exhibited the error and absurdity of this notion. I only mean to say, that as God has given to every soundly-constituted body eyes to see, and feet to walk, and lips to utter, so has he given to every soundly-constituted mind the powers, in kind, though not in degree, of every other mind, and that he has made them subject, in every individual of the race, to the same laws. The differences between different minds are like the differences between different bodies. Some are stronger than others in their original constitution; others are rendered strong and effective by active training, and each one has its own peculiar combination of endowments, as each face has of features. But the *kind* of pleasure derived from the use of each intellectual power is the same in every mind, and the amount of individual gratification, flowing from the action of a limited power, may often be but little less than that resulting from the action of the highest. The single essential point, so far as individual happiness is concerned, is the cultivation and employment of the power itself; its appropriation to the purposes for which it was bestowed. I may remark here, that the acquired differences among men, depending upon the purely intellectual powers, correspond more nearly to differences of outward condition, than those depending upon the other portions of his spiritual nature. High intellectual culture presupposes exemption from the necessity of constant bodily toil, and the means of full and free communion with cultivated cotemporary intellect, and with the intellect, also, of accumulated ages. This exemption

has never yet been made the common lot, and hence has arisen the great inequality in the intellectual condition of different *classes* of men.

The truth which I am endeavoring to exhibit finds a more striking illustration in the moral and instinctive powers of our complex nature. One of the strongest of these innate feelings is the desire for acquisition,—the love of gain. Now, the degree of pleasure which results from the gratification of this desire, and of pain which follows its disappointment, is not at all dependent upon the magnitude and importance of the object of desire. The selfish exultation, with which the miser in his rags gloats at his little heap of hoarded gold, is the same feeling that fills the mind of the lordly banker who counts his yearly gain by millions, and it may be equally intense. And so is the arrow tipped with the same poison, and sent from the same bow-string, which strikes with a pang the heart of the sordid wretch from whose desperate clutch is torn a single dollar, and that of the merchant-prince when his palace is wrapped in flames, or when his richest argosy goes down at sea. The pleasure is the same in nature, and it may not differ in degree, so far as this particular faculty is concerned, in the two cases; and so is also the pain. The pleasure consists in the activity and gratification of the faculty; the pain consists in its disappointment, independent of the importance of the object upon which it is exerted, and independent of circumstances affecting other portions of our nature.

The same thing is true of all those capacities and feelings upon which almost the whole of life's weal and wo depend. Ever ready are we to magnify the happiness of exalted station, and high honor, and great riches. But the *hope* of a coming good lights up an ecstasy in the peasant's heart as warm as in the prince's. What though, in the one case, it be the hope only of some common thing,—a village festival, or a day of rest from labor,—and in the other, the high and palmy hope of empire or renown—it matters not, for in each case the feeling is the same; the joy which overspreads each heart issues out from the same

fountain. Does not maternal love—that deepest instinct—yearn with as passionate a tenderness over its object, when this object is cradled in poverty and nursed by pining want, as when it rests on the lap of affluence and ease? Wherever the darling object is, there is the delight;—wherever the passion is, there is there woven by it, over the future, its tissue, many colored, of hopes and forebodings, of sadness and joy. Little matters it, nothing matters it, to the darkness of the shade in this picture, or the brightness of the light, whether it be hung under the thatched roof of a cabin, or the golden and frescoed ceiling of a royal saloon.

So is it with every thing that adorns and blesses and sanctifies and humanizes the soul. So is it with all kindly sympathies,—so is it with all merriment and all sadness,—so is it with piety and reverence,—so is it with all the sweet charities of life,—so is it with the memories of the past, garnered in the heart and embalmed,—so is it with the hopes of the future, ever springing in our path, flowers of like fragrance and beauty, whether this path be along the cool-sequestered vale of life, or over the broad highway of nations, and in sight of the world.

It is certainly true, that our conviction and feeling of the universal likeness of human nature, in its elements and relations, is strengthened, and made distinct and vivid, by the view of this nature which Phrenology presents to us. The kindred truth, that all human well-being and all human ill,—excepting so far as the body is concerned,—has been linked, indissolubly, with certain states and conditions of the several elementary principles of our spiritual being, is also more clearly comprehended, and more practically realized, by the aid of Phrenology. By the same aid are we enabled to see more distinctly than without it, how, independent of the accidents of outward condition, has the distribution of human happiness been made.

How important it is that these truths should be,—not merely granted with a cold and unfelt assent,—but embraced by the intellect and the sentiments, and infused through the whole thinking and feeling soul, it is unnecessary for me to say. I

have already observed that they lie at the foundation of all civil right, that they are the root of all social order. They are, also, the nurse of all true philanthropy. They give not only *life*, but *sacredness* to the common brotherhood of humanity. They bring all men nearer to each other. They warm and deepen the currents of human sympathy. They strengthen the bonds of human fellowship.

By dispelling the illusions of a spurious philosophy, by stripping off from the soul of humanity the false disguises in which it has been clad, the meretricious finery, the masquerade dresses and the counterfeit visors in which old custom, and SOCIETY,—so called,—has tricked it out, they show us our fellow-men in a new aspect, in the light and in the position where God has placed them; and in this light how much that is called *low* is exalted; how much that is called *high* is abased!

Phrenology cannot be true, it is not what it pretends to be, the veritable science of the human mind, unless it sheds new light on the subject of education. If it enables us to understand, better than we have hitherto done, the *constitution* of the mind, it ought also to assist us in the *management* and *training* of the mind. The high merit of having done this, no one, I believe, acquainted with the history and character of Phrenology, will deny. It has done this in many ways. For my present purpose, however, it will be sufficient to mention one or two only. Phrenology first fully unfolded and established this great and elementary principle of education,—that each and every power of the mind,—intellectual, moral, and instinctive,—can be strengthened and developed only by its own activity, and that this activity can be excited only by placing the power in relation to its appropriate objects or phenomena. It took this truth, as it did other truths relating to the mind, out of the domain of vague generalities, of common sense sagacity, and gave to it the absoluteness, and certainty, and simplicity of a demonstrable *law*. And it is the primal law of education; its very seminal principle. Disregarded has it always been, in all systems of education; disregarded it still is, for the most

part, both in theory and in practice. The higher powers of the mind, for instance, such as reverence, conscientiousness and benevolence, have been generally appealed to, through the exclusive medium of the knowing faculties ; and how universally unanswered has been the appeal ! Men have asked of the mind, bread, and it has given them a stone, and why should it not, since the boon was not rightly asked ? I know very well, that, within a short period, many persons, not professed disciples of Phrenology, have begun to see this truth, and to vindicate, ably and zealously, its immense practical importance. None the less true is it, also, that for whatever of genuine insight these persons have obtained of this fundamental doctrine, are they more or less indebted to the principles and developments of Phrenology.

Most of my hearers, I suppose, are so far acquainted with these principles, as to understand my meaning without further explanation. But as this pretension in behalf of Phrenology, so far as its practical results are concerned, is one of the very highest that can be made, I will take the liberty, in order to render myself intelligible to those who are not familiar with its principles, to state, as briefly and explicitly as I am able to do, what I mean.

The truth which I claim to have been first authoritatively asserted and demonstrated by Phrenology, as a law of the mental constitution, is this ;—that every separate power and capacity of the human mind can be developed and strengthened only by developing and exciting its own, peculiar, individual activity ; and that, therefore, the education of each and every faculty is dependent wholly upon those means and influences which increase, or diminish, or control this activity and strength. That power of the mind which takes cognizance of the relations of numbers, can be educated only through its own instrumentality ; it can acquire skill and facility in calculating these relations, only by calculating them ; and just in proportion to the amount of its original vigor and of its educated activity, will be its strength and capabilities. This is strictly true of

every intellectual power, and it is as true of the animal instincts as it is of the knowing faculties. The love of children is made strong and fervent by loving children. Hate becomes a burning and ferocious passion only by hating. And, furthermore, as strictly true as this is of the intellect and the instincts, is it of all the higher sentiments. Hope can be nourished only by its own ambrosial food,—the bright colors, the ever-blossoming flowers, the fairy enchantments of the future. Conscientiousness, that deep-seated sentiment of right and wrong, that stern monitor within us, can be crowned with the supremacy which it was designed to possess, only by our being just. Ideality,—that versatile power,—constituting, as it may be said to do, the wings of the spirit, can acquire strength and freedom only by soaring aloft into a pure and celestial atmosphere, and by visiting, in the heavens and on the earth, those scenes of beauty and sublimity and order, those manifestations of the perfect, the excellent and the fair, which have been created for its gratification. Benevolence can be quickened into a divine and soothing sentiment only by our being compassionate and humane.

The bearing of this principle must be perfectly manifest. It is easy to see, that all education hinges upon it; and you would almost as soon tolerate me in consuming your time with a formal argument in favor of education itself, as in any more elaborate effort to show the importance of the truth which I have stated.

There is another great elementary truth, bearing directly upon the subject of education, which, like the one already spoken of, was first clearly demonstrated, as a natural law of man's spiritual being, by Phrenology. I mean that of the absolute rule and superiority, which the Author of the mind has conferred on the religious and disinterested sentiments, over all the other powers. Phrenology has not merely pointed out the only effective method of educating these sentiments, but it has vindicated for them their inalienable supremacy. Far be it from me, I say again, as I have said in another connection, to arrogate, for Phrenology, the merit of having discovered, or of having first

promulgated the truth of which I now speak. No one, I trust, will suppose me guilty of such ignorance, or of such presumption. Always has it been taught, by the wise and the good, everywhere, and throughout all time, eloquently in their precepts, and more eloquently still in their happy and beneficent lives, and in their deaths of serenity and triumphant hope. It is the declaration of prophets and apostles,—it is the song of the seraphim, it is the great lesson of Christ, it is the voice of God. Nevertheless, it is true, that to Phrenology belongs the high distinction of having placed this doctrine on the firm basis of demonstration, of having fixed it, immutably, in the very organization of humanity, one of its central and everlasting *laws*.

This truth, like the other of which I have spoken, is almost universally disregarded. In all systems of education, the intellectual powers are almost exclusively considered; a very subordinate place is assigned to the higher sentiments, and herein consists one of the most melancholy and disastrous errors of these systems. Almost the whole surface of the civilized world is spread over with school-houses for the nurture of the infant intellect, and universities are built, and professorships are endowed, to aid it in its maturer training. I do not complain that this has been done, but that the other has been left undone. One of the highest ends, even of intellectual culture, is almost entirely overlooked and neglected,—that of promoting the development and regulating the action of the moral and religious feelings, and of ministering, directly or indirectly, to their good.

It is not my purpose, in this address, to attempt any thing farther, than to state some of the general tendencies and results of the Phrenological doctrines, accompanied with such illustrations as may be necessary to render them intelligible. I cannot, of course, go very fully into the details of their practical operation. I wish, however, here, to be indulged in a few remarks of this latter character. Free and liberal governments have thought it their safety as well as their duty, to provide for, and encourage general education. The axiom is, that popular in-

telligence is the only sure support and safe guardian of popular government. All political institutions, resting, to any considerable extent, on the popular or democratic principle, recognize this relation ;—they profess to rely upon it for their stability, and efficiency for good. What I wish to say, is this :—If the education, on which popular government is to rest, be the education of the intellect merely, then it leans on a broken reed.—How is it here, at home, in this Federal Republic ? Will intellectual culture, alone, perfect and universal as it can be made, secure to us the permanency and the purity of our institutions ? Will it keep inviolate the spirit of rational liberty, which pervades and consecrates the written charter of our rights ? Will it hold, unbroken, the links of that chain, which binds these states together ? Will it prove a sufficient security for national peace, prosperity and happiness ? Can we confide to it the keeping of our hearth-stones, and our altars ? Will it guard us in the business of the day ? Will it be round about us—a tutelary presence—in the watches of the night ? No ! never, never, never ! Unless the sense of right and wrong between man and man be ripened to a hardier growth amongst us, than it has ever yet attained,—unless the true and great relation, which every man sustains to all other men, be better understood, and felt more warmly than it ever yet has been,—unless reverence and love for whatever is exalted above us in genuine excellence and glory be more cherished than it now is,—unless, in short, the moral, social and religious sentiments are made to receive that regular, systematic and general culture, which is now bestowed, almost entirely, upon the intellect ;—then, as surely as there is certainty in science, or truth in revelation, shall we come short of our true greatness ; nay, more,—then is there, for our institutions, no safety in the present, and no security in the future. What are these institutions ? Have they, in themselves, any principle of preservation or of perpetuity ? What is this written charter, which we are taught so much to prize and venerate ? Is it any thing but ink and parchment ? Nothing. You may raise the naked intellect of this whole nation

to its highest attainable point, and you only prepare and accumulate the elements, in whose fiery collision this charter shall be consumed like tow. You may surround it with a whole cohort of gallant champions, whose hearts shall be as large, and whose arms shall be as strong, as those of your own great defender of its integrity and its worth,—all in vain.

The elements of individual good and of universal good are identical. What is best for me is best also for all other men. If in me evil, confusion, misery and disaster are the fruits of a predominance either of the intellect merely, or of the selfish and animal propensities, or of both, over the higher powers, the same is true of a community, of a people, of the race. All history is a running commentary on this truth. I have no time to dwell, at length, on this great topic, but I cannot forbear a short and passing allusion to the age of Louis XV. of France, and to the following revolution. Then, on the largest scale, since the days of the Roman emperors and their successors, the Alarics and Attilas, was the experiment tried, whether a nation could reach and keep any considerable height and degree of social and civil good, by the unaided intellect. That age in France was, emphatically, the age of intellect,—the grand, culminating epoch of cyclopedias and philosophers. But, in that aggregate of mind, then in the ascendant, there was no reverence, there was little ideality, there was no conscientiousness, there was no benevolence, there was no recognition of the disinterested and self-sacrificing in humanity. The *order*, which God has ordained as an indispensable condition of individual, and so of general greatness and good, was reversed; the understanding, which was then called reason, was placed above the true kingly powers of the mind, and the issue was what it was, what it always has been, and ever will be, under like circumstances. Here, too, let it be remembered, that the antagonist powers, in the mind, of the animal appetites and the selfish passions, are the higher and essentially disinterested feelings, and not the understanding. And so in Paris, under Louis XV. and XVI., and in Rome, under Augustus, with the

highest cultivation of the mere intellect, there was linked the foulest corruption. In the broad blaze of that cold enlightenment, stood,—unblushing and unreprieved,—nay, worshipped rather,—crowned with garlands as true gods, every possible form and manifestation of sensualism, selfishness and crime. And what was the end? Let the dying wail of the seven-hilled city, mingled with the crash of falling temples, the gusty roar of conflagration, and the fierce clamor of Vandal armies answer. Let that gay capital of intellectual and philosophic France, when her gambling-rooms and her houses of infamous pleasure became the murky gathering places of conspiracy and murder, when her halls of science and legislation were converted into camps and citadels of civil war, when ferocity itself went reeling through her streets, satiate and drunk with carnage, when the guillotine was running, day and night, with the blood of the high-born, the learned, and the beautiful,—as the fountain in her Palais Royal now flows with water,—let her, also, answer.

Milton, with the intuitive insight of genius, has not shorn, in the slightest degree, the fallen archangel of his intellectual strength. There was art, too, not less wonderful and perfect in hell than in heaven. Witness that “fabric huge” of Mulciber’s, which,

“out of the earth,
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet;
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave:”

and it may not be out of place to observe, that after the dissolution of the “Stygian Council,” which had been held in this famous Pandemonium, and the disbanding of the “ranged powers,” while most of these endeavored to “entertain the irksome hours” with various frivolous sports and idle occupations, there were others, evidently enough a coterie of the old school metaphysicians, who, as has since been their wont on earth,

“ Apart, sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
 Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
 And found no end in wandering mazes lost.
 —Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.”

Phrenology, by demonstrating the primary faculties of the mind, and their relations, first rendered intelligible the infinite variety of thought and action in *individuals*. Extending the same principles from the *individual* to the *race*,—from the one person, thinking and acting to-day, to the many hundreds or millions of like persons, thinking and acting at any time, and at all times, in the past, it solves the riddle of history, it interprets the great events of time. Beautifully unfolding itself in the process of this interpretation, shall we find, everywhere, *Law*. Chance disappears, and we see that, throughout all that multitudinous thought and action of humanity, constituting its history,—in all its fightings, from the first fratricide down to the battle of Waterloo,—in all its art,—in all its literature,—in its religion,—in its laws,—in its politics,—in its love, and in its hate,—in its wisdom, and in its perversity,—in its migrations, in its conquests, in its discoveries,—in the mutations of empires, as truly as in the phases of individual life,—is there nothing fortuitous, nothing accidental, nothing anomalous. We have only to apply to all this the true principles of human nature, as they are now expounded by Phrenology, and its obscurity is dissipated, its apparent contradictions are reconciled, the seemingly inextricable confusion in which its elements are mingled is cleared up. As the sea,—alike in its vast aggregate, and its every atom,—alike in its rest and in its wrath,—is still subject to the laws of gravity and motion, so is the great *tide*,—as it has been called,—of human affairs,—in its ebb, and in its flow,—in its agitation, and in its repose,—obedient, ever, to the few and simple *laws* which God has impressed upon it.

One result of this method of investigating the past will be a conviction, clearer and stronger than we can, in any other way, attain, that all *Form* is created and moulded by *Spirit* ;—that

all the multiform institutions of men,—that all the complex machinery of life and society,—that all the aggregate *act* of humanity existed first in the *mind*; that all these are but the emanations, in distinct and visible shape, of the pre-existing and pre-acting human soul. Without denying the reaction of these institutions, and of this external machinery, as instruments of that general mind of which they are the product, upon the interests and condition of our race, we shall be satisfied, I think, that their influence has been exaggerated. We shall thus be led, not only to a more correct philosophy, but to the adoption of more rational and efficient means of acting on the condition of our race,—of promoting its well-being. Strangely and widely do we mistake in the estimate which we form of the greatest personages, and the most important influences, judged merely in their relationship to civil and social institutions, and to the form and administration of government. We are accustomed to regard the statesmen and politicians of a country,—its kings, its presidents, its secretaries, and diplomatists, and senators, and representatives, as the great guardians and conservators of its liberty and its interests. This is too much the case with ourselves. But neither in these, nor yet in that other misnamed rock of safety,—the democracy of numbers,—the mere preponderance, ever changing, of numerical strength, does any abiding security lie. True hearts are there, undoubtedly, many of them, among the first, warm with a patriot's love; and eloquent lips, touched with fire from the true altar, to vindicate for our wide commonwealth its best good, and to warn it against threatened ills. But from the high arena of the capitol at Washington, and from the ten thousand other rostrums scattered through the land, are there ever issuing discordant as well as angry voices. Lo here! says one, and lo there! says another. That democracy of numbers, too, can pull down as easily, more easily perhaps, than it can build up, and it undoes to-day its most solemn acts of yesterday. Not in the speculative doctrines of consolidation or of nullification, of sub-treasury systems, or of banks, nor yet in the pendulum-swinging of

counted majorities, whether federal or democratic, whether whig or tory, is the genuine good, the enduring and high glory of this nation bound up. Not Jefferson, nor Hamilton,—not Webster, nor Hayne,—useful, indispensable as their functions may have been, and may still be, worthy as their names may be of that high honor and renown which they wear,—not they are the anointed High Priests of our social temple,—not on their shoulders does the ark of our safety rest.

“Who, then,” it may be asked, “are the great among us, if not these?” They are those who are most successful in giving to human nature that development, relative and absolute, which its Author has so evidently made the indispensable condition of its well-being. They are those who are doing most for the direction of the intellect to its best uses, and especially for that subordination of the animal appetites and selfish desires to the moral and religious powers, which Revelation and Phrenology agree in declaring to be the best and highest good of man. They are the teachers in our schools, and academies, and colleges, although the relative importance of these has been overrated. They are the ministers at the altar of religion, so far, and so far only, as these fill the soul with reverence, and humility, and good will, and duty,—warming the heart with love and devotion, instead of crowding the head with theology. They are mothers, at the fire-side, and in the nursery, guiding the feet of childhood in the right way, moulding its plastic mind to a correspondence with the good, the just, the beautiful and the true. They are that mighty host,—of the dead and the living,—by whom, in their lives, and in their writings,—in their works, and in their words, Truth and Wisdom are ever speaking to all who are willing to listen. Even now, a woman, by the subtle magic of her pen, seated in her quiet parlor near the banks of the Housatonic, may be doing more, although of these things she may not utter a word, for the preservation and improvement of our political fabric, for the strengthening of the bonds of our political union, and for the promotion of our truest and highest national glory, than all the senators and representatives of the twenty-six states in Congress assembled.

Among the other errors which Phrenology will one day, I trust, be instrumental in removing, is that of excluding religious instruction from our public schools. Speculative theology has been confounded with religious feeling and duty, and, under a government like our own, where there is perfect freedom of belief, and where there is no established religion,—it would be better to say no established form of theology,—the introduction of religious culture into public seminaries of education is thought to be impracticable. It is supposed to be incompatible with the equality of right, and liberty of conscience in matters of faith, so much vaunted amongst us. I think the true science of mind shows this to be all wrong. There are many systems of theology,—those of Christian theology are nearly as numerous as are the saints in the Catholic's calendar,—but there is only one religion. Whatever be the form which this Angel Spirit may assume,—whatever be the drapery which it wears,—still is it the same celestial visitant, fitting the soul of man alike for the performance of its duties on the earth, and for the fruition of its hopes in heaven,—its strength, its solace and its ornament. And this religion ought to be made a matter of universal and efficient culture. Could the religious and moral powers,—could benevolence, conscientiousness, marvellousness, hope, veneration, and ideality, be only so far systematically and generally educated, as is the intellect of this nation, an advancement would be made in public order, happiness, and prosperity, such as the wildest dreamers about human perfectibility have hardly imagined.

A great deal of that philosophy,—so lofty, and beautiful, and pure,—called, oftentimes tauntingly and with a sneer, transcendentalism, or mysticism,—so much of it, at least, as is destined to live,—is no more nor less than true philosophical Phrenology. And, although the assertion may seem strange enough, it is, nevertheless, I believe, strictly true, that this very philosophy, so mystical and transcendental, is a matter of easiest comprehension. Its essence consists simply in giving to the higher sentiments of which I have been speaking that rightful su-

premacv which they were designed to occupy. Perhaps it would be nearer the exact truth to say, that this philosophy, in its modern form, consists in the absolute supremacy of spiritual good over all conventional and material good ; and then in the subordination of all intellectual power and attainment, and of all the selfish desires to the higher sentiments.* The chief error of the philosophy lies in its partial and one-sided view of human nature. Its mysticism arises, mostly, from the same causes which have always rendered metaphysics so unintelligible to the great mass even of educated and thinking men. In the first place, the expounders of this philosophy have not acquired that clear and distinct conception of the number, and nature, and relations of the primary faculties, in whose development and ascendancy their system consists, which the true science of mind would enable them to attain ; and, in the second place, there is a corresponding want of definiteness in the language in which many of their opinions and principles are set forth.

Phrenology has, long ago, recorded its conviction of the importance of the principle, thus forming, as it seems to me, the basis of transcendentalism. These disinterested sentiments, whose high sovereignty it advocates, constitute, more than the understanding, the loftiest grade of character. These it is which have made the true heroes of history ; these it is which have made the martyrs of religion and liberty ; these it is which lie at the bottom of all earnestness,—they are the fountain of all enthusiasm. Immensely, unspeakably as a powerful intellect may benefit, by its researches and discoveries, the human race, adding to its comforts and increasing its knowledge, it can never, by its own unaided strength, infuse itself into the universal consciousness of humanity. Art may, indeed, inscribe the name of its possessor on marble and adamant ; science may write it across the sky, so that the world cannot help but read it, and the reading, nevertheless, shall not warm, in any degree,

* Nowhere, in the professed works on Phrenology, can there be found a truer definition of the nature of veneration, or a more powerful vindication of its worth, than in the commencement of M. Carlyle's third article on Goëthe, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for August, 1832.

the world's heart, or quicken its beatings. It may make him lord of the earth, but it has no strength to carry him into the empyrean, and to unveil to his vision its ineffable splendors. They are the great men of the earth, who have lived the most, and lived with their highest faculties. They too are the good, the truly noble, the royal priesthood, the crowned and sceptred hierarchy of humanity. And so shall they, one day, come to be regarded; so shall be judged the living, and so too shall yet be judged all the historic names of the past. They must all go through this new ordeal, and fiery, indeed, will it prove to most of them, for by it shall they be utterly consumed. Many of the demi-gods of the earth will be found to be idols of clay only, and they will crumble in pieces. "The world knows little of its greatest men."

He who has this development of the transcendental powers is always girt about with an invulnerable panoply. Ever is he enveloped in an atmosphere of transparent light. Angels stand beside him, and watch over him, and minister unto him.

"He hath a daily beauty in his life," which goes with him into all suffering, into all drudgery, into all trial, and the lowliest office of humanity becomes to him instinct with the highest dignity, and the purest pleasure of the immortal soul.

How filled with benevolence are all the arrangements of Providence in relation to these disinterested sentiments. Look, for a moment, at the two following:—first, their susceptibility of general and high cultivation; and, second, the means which God has provided, in the universal duties and discipline of life, to promote this cultivation. These high powers constitute, more than the intellect, the great common blessing of men. Once in an age only, is there raised up a Newton, but the spiritual elements of the Howards and Oberlins are scattered, plentiful and broad-cast, over the world, and need only the quickening sunshine and dew of proper culture to ripen and mould them into the brightest and loftiest forms of humanity. Only one man in a nation can read the works of La Place, but the gospel addresses itself to all who have ears to hear. Few

can imitate the lives of Columbus, or Leibnitz, or Napoleon ; but every man is called to walk in the footsteps of Jesus.

Look now at the difference in the conditions required, and in the means provided, for the cultivation of the intellect, and of the higher feelings. For the first, there must be freedom from the necessity of labor, long-continued and exclusive devotion to the several objects of intellectual pursuit, and the command of more or less property or wealth. All this is wholly unnecessary for the culture of the moral and religious sentiments. Its very absence may forward and secure this culture. Like those flowers that give out their richest fragrance when crushed by the heel of the traveller, many of the best virtues of the soul are strengthened and unfolded by what are commonly regarded as the adverse circumstances of our lot. And they are all chiefly educated amid the common cares and the common duties, in the daily and appointed discipline of universal life. They require no leisure,—they demand no wealth,—they ask no immunity from toil,—they need neither travel abroad, nor libraries, nor apparatus, nor universities at home. The indignant hatred of wrong may swell with its manliest impulse the breast of the rough mountaineer,—the tear of divinest sympathy for the sufferings of another may dim the eye of the rudest and most unlettered cottager,—the rapture of seraphic adoration may fill with its transcendant joy the lowliest dwelling of the unknown, the neglected, and the poor.

The last topic that I had intended to speak upon, is the relationship which has been established, first, between the powers of the mind, and the forms and phenomena of matter, including the body ; and, secondly, between these powers, and the various circumstances of life, in the midst of which we are placed. The adaptation of the powers of the human mind, and, also, of the organization and functions of the human body, to the physical constitution of things, to the residence of man on the earth, is no new subject, either of study or of admiration. It constitutes, as you well know, one of the fairest and richest fields of natural theology, and has long furnished manifold and significant evidence of the being and agency of an Almighty and

benevolent God. All these varied and beautiful relationships and adaptations have been rendered, by the clear and new light which Phrenology has shed upon the faculties of the mind, more manifest and more wonderful than they had ever before appeared. I pass by this theme with reluctance. Many voices are calling out to us to stop,—many hands beckon to us to pause and to ponder it. COLOR holds to our eyes her prism, and asks us to look,—TUNE touches her harp-strings, and invites us to listen. The connexion which the Creator has seen fit to establish, during the present state of our existence, between the mental and the physical constitution of man,—imparting, as this connexion does, to bodily labor the dignity of moral action,—and making, as this connexion so manifestly does, obedience to the physiological laws a moral duty;—the relation between the knowing and reasoning powers, on the one hand, and the properties and laws of the entire universe of matter, on the other,—accurately adapted, as this relation is, to excite and develop the perceptive and reflective faculties,—demonstrating, as it does, the constantly and illimitably progressive character of science and knowledge;—the delightful correspondence which exists between all our social faculties, on the one hand, and our social relations, and the discipline of life, on the other, transforming evil into good, endowing it with a blessed and beneficent ministry;—between ideality and all forms and expressions, in nature and in art, in spirit and in matter, of the beautiful;—between marvellousness, and all that wonder and mystery of man's being and environment, which science, instead of dissipating and clearing up, only deepens and increases;—between veneration, and whatever is exalted above us,—its worthiest and truest object being none else than God himself;—between that supremacy of the moral and religious sentiments, which the Father of our spirits has instituted, and the continual advancement in all happiness and well-being of humanity,—thus rendering this advancement not probable, but certain,—the necessary and inevitable result of man's constitution:—all these, and many other like considerations, are crowding upon

us. They are all pertinent to our argument. They have all received new elucidation, new value, and new interest from Phrenology, and they thus tend, in their turn, to establish and confirm its truth. But the hour, which custom and courtesy have assigned to lectures and addresses like the present, has, a good while ago, expired.

GENTLEMEN OF THE BOSTON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY,—

I should disappoint, I am sure, your feelings, and I should do wrong to my own, were I now to close this Address, in any other than a few words of allusion to the departed sage and philosopher, the anniversary of whose birth we this night commemorate. I am not here to relate the incidents of his life. I am not here to delineate his lofty and harmonious character. It was not given to me to be one of that favored company, that "fit audience, though few," who here drank in the eloquent lessons of truth and wisdom, and good will to men, which fell from his living lips. But, in common with you, did I hail his arrival on our shores with no ordinary emotions of gratification and delight;—in common with you, did I feel as though a friend had been laid in the grave, when I heard of his sudden death. Worthy was his life of that divine philosophy whose disciple and expositor he was. Worthily did he fulfil the great mission upon which he came,—to reveal to humanity its true nature,—to vindicate its true nobleness,—to clear away its blindness,—to rebuke its waywardness and folly,—to teach it its best good,—to call it to its highest happiness,—to reclaim it from its wanderings,—to lead it into paths of pleasantness and peace,—to enlighten it, to elevate, and adorn. Single-hearted seeker after truth,— Lover of all human excellence and good,— Compassionate mourner over all human perversity and ill,— Friend and benefactor of men,—Peace be to thy ashes! They have spread a new and perpetual sanctity over that beautiful place of the dead, where they rest.